

DIARY OF MY ITINERARY

— OF —

Sixty Days Across

...the Water...



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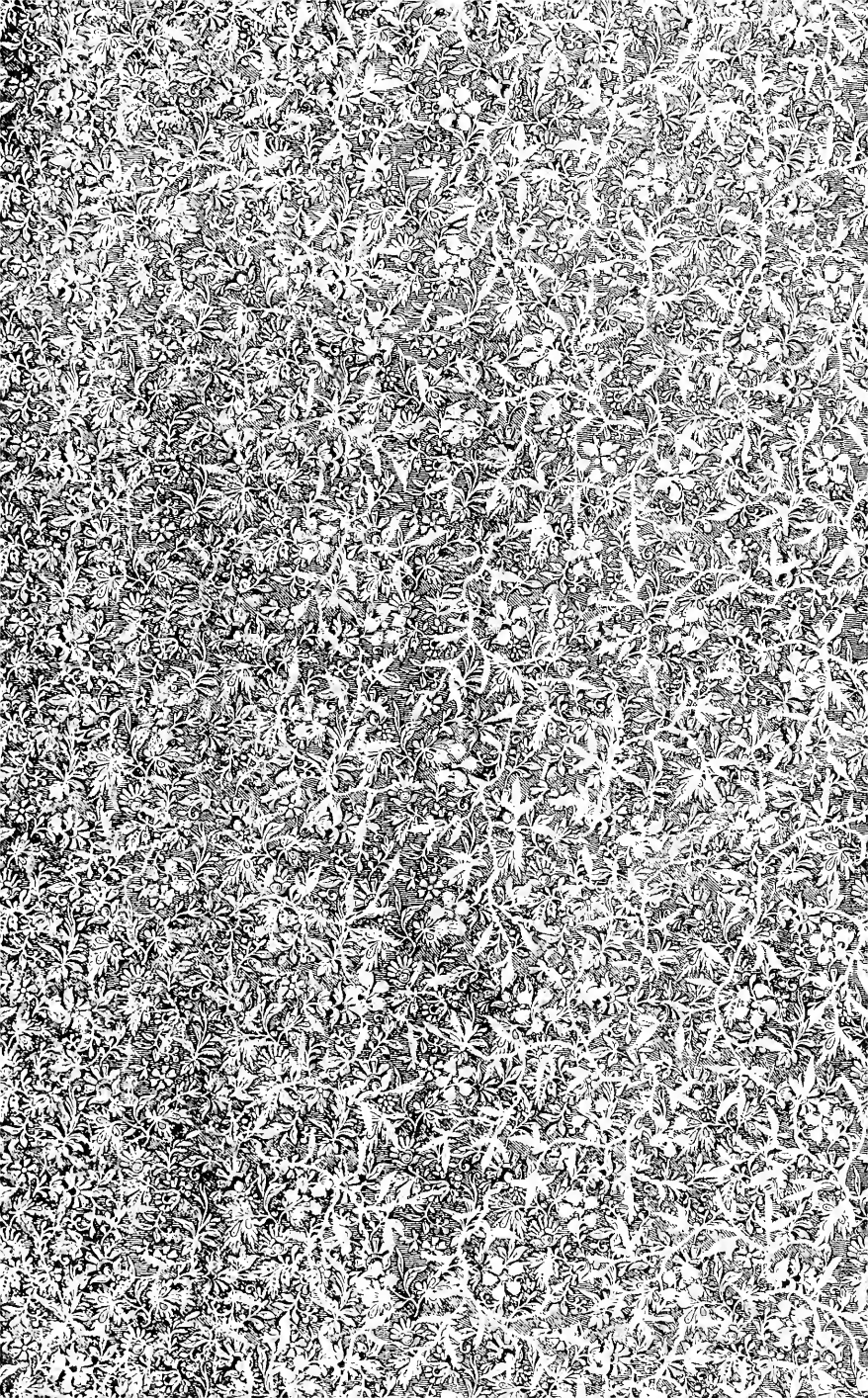


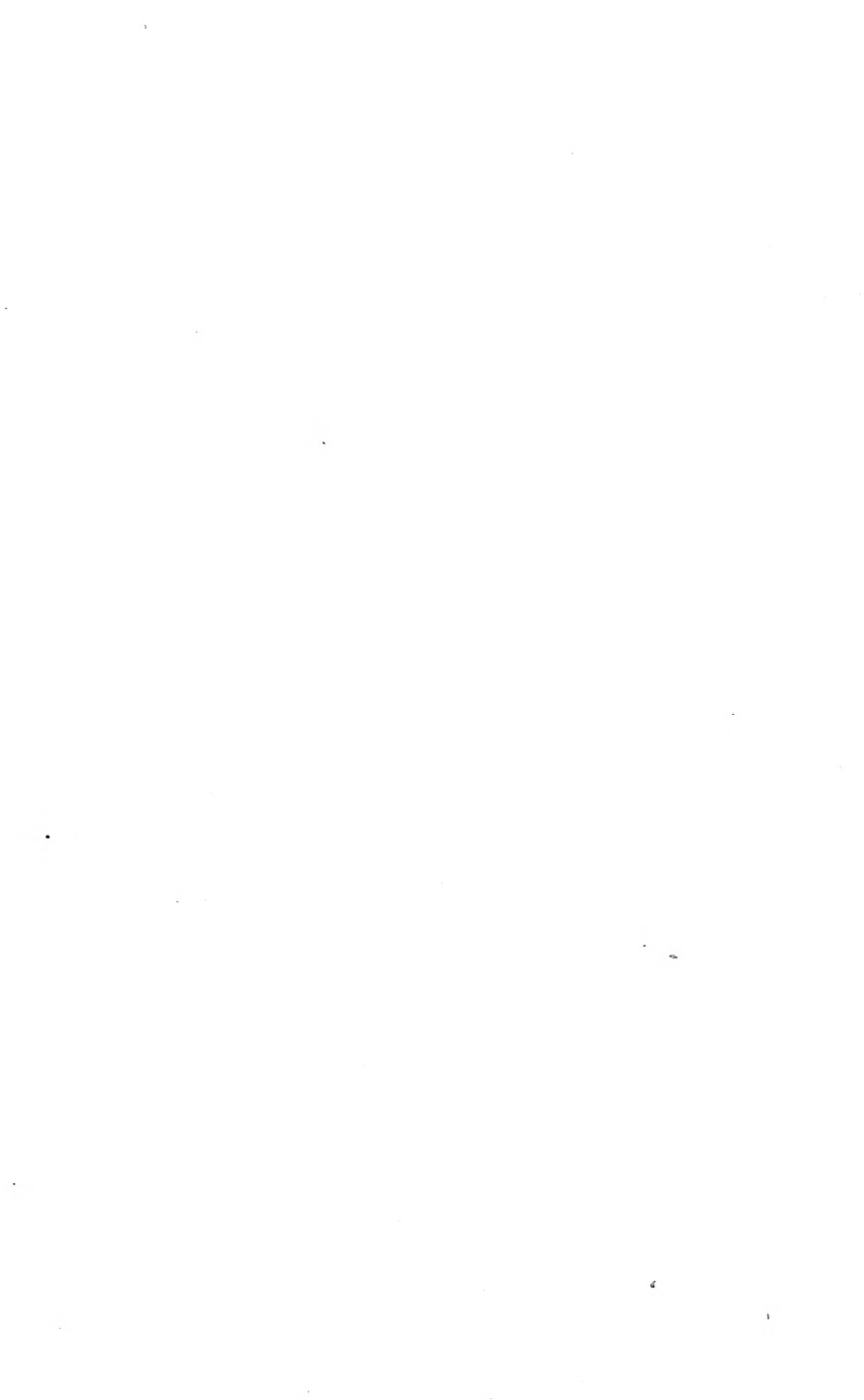
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DIARY OF MY ITINERARY

...OF...

Sixty Days Across
...the Water...



"A HURRYGRAPH."



*And sometimes we did ship a sea,
Sometimes a ship did see.*

—Mrs. Osgood.



St. Augustine, Fla.
1904.

Oct. 3, 1904
p. 103

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— BY —
THOMAS B. GEORGE

DEDICATION.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER.

— — — — —

“Love is stronger than death.”

FOR PRIVATE
CIRCULATION
ONLY :: :: ::



*"Far o'er the waters of the deep blue sea,
With hopes as boundless—thoughts as free."*

L EFT St. Augustine on Sunday morning, Oct. 4, 1903, for Jacksonville; next day left for New York *via* Clyde Line steamer, everything pleasant, including the weather, until we reached the vicinity of Sandy Hook when the sun vanished and a dense fog suddenly descended and obscured every object of interest in New York harbor. The Statue of Liberty we saw as "Through a glass—darkly." Reached our dock, foot of Christopher street, in a great storm of wind and rain Friday about noon. The rain coming down in torrents—had been for the last two hours.

Left New York by Cunard steamship "Etruria" at 8:15 A. M. Saturday, Oct. 10, in a storm of great violence—wind and rain. In the vicinity of Sandy Hook were scores of vessels, steamers and sailing craft at anchorage awaiting the passing of the storm to resume their voyage—having the mails, I suppose, explains it. Our boat pushed forward right into the teeth of the great storm, confessedly great, as you will discover, as a ponderous wave struck our ship at about 3:00 P. M. which smashed the bridge forward on which the lookout was stationed. The man was seriously injured, as were several cabin passengers who had thoughtlessly exposed themselves near the skylight on main deck forward. Some of these required the immediate care of the ship's surgeon, a Mr. W. W. Hall and family very especially. It turned out that Mr. Hall was fatally injured (died the 15th inst.). Mrs. Hall proved to have a dislocated hip and broken ankle; their boy was also somewhat injured. To anticipate

I will here say that Mr. Hall's remains were preserved in ice and taken to Liverpool. Mrs. Hall and her son were sent to some hospital direct from the ship—hearse and ambulance already at the dock on our arrival. What a dismal tragedy it was.

Arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, at 7:00 A. M., Saturday, 17th, where our great mail, with many boxes of bullion—several tons seemingly—were transferred to a great tug-boat for Queenstown, where they are again transferred to railway for transportation to their destination, saving several hours thereby in delivery.

Queenstown was not visible from our ship; 'tis in a cove only a short distance removed. It was a barren coast thereabouts. We passed scores of fishing craft, many with sails, color of Spanish brown. I wonder what for? They soon look dingy I observed by the older boats; they had a shabby look.

OLD ENGLAND AT LAST.

LIVERPOOL, 7:00 A. M. Oct. 18.

Was roused out for early breakfast at 5:00 o'clock—this is Sunday. Although within "seeing distance" of Liverpool, on first looking out the fog was too dense to take in surrounding objects clearly before landing. The great steamer "Cedric," about 20,000 tons burden, which left New York the day before we did, having on board the Marquis of Lansdown and Sir Thomas Lipton, was just struggling to get into her dock as we moved into ours. Beat her by about thirty minutes. Bully for *our* side! Great is the "Etruria" for speed and, for her size, I think unequalled. We had a rough but speedy voyage over. It did not cost Cunard Co. much for table supplies—few took full meals, many did not average a meal a day. I was quite sick the first two days and did not at any time care much for food, yet ample provisions were made for square meals and everything was excellent in quality, as was the service.

At "Lime street station, Ten o'clock and a gloomy morning." I can recall when the night-watch called the hours with a refrain similar to the above in New Orleans, varying it according to the weather. Have just passed "my traps," this, the customs, a simple matter here—so few dutiable articles under the British tariff. Nothing attractive about the railway station—only for its magnitude—hardly suggests a great city such as Liverpool; but then it is such dismal weather. I took short walks, saw some noble buildings and fine statues, but so begrimed by smoke and rain as to divest them of all attractions. And the streets seem slimy,

smoke, fog and grime, with a drizzling rain. I was glad to get back to the station where I paid about \$3.00 in our money fare to Caerleon, Monmouthshire, famous for its antiquities and renowned in song and story, *vide* Tennyson's "Idyls of the Kings," etc.

Left station at 11:30 A. M. in heavy rain which continued during all my journey. For some reason never explained had to get off at Pontypool Road, six or eight miles short of my destination. Our route was *via* Stafford, Shrewsbury and Hereford; changed cars at each of these stations. Whether from the heavy rains or other cause had constant detentions. It was about 10:00 P. M. when we got to Pontypool Road, about one and half miles from Pontypool. No livery available; train so much behind time—gave it up probably—at all events I had to foot it through mud and rain to the town proper, and then had difficulty in finding a hotel open, everybody had gone to bed. However, finally, near midnight found accommodations, a cup of tea, some cold meat, etc. Had not partaken of any food since our 5:00 o'clock breakfast, as stated, on the teamship. Wet, tired, and hungry, I was so "done up" by my day's experience that I did not go to sleep until it was almost time to get up to face another gloomy day. Pontypool may have some attractions in finer weather. It is situated on side of a hill of considerable altitude with southern exposure, commanding a fine view miles in extent. The streets can discount Kansas City for "steepness." It is the center of vast industries: mines—coal and iron—and the tall chimneys visible on every hand, suggest many industries of great magnitude. The "shops" (no stores in England) suggest considerable wealth in some quarters,

yet the general aspect of the town is rather discouraging, nothing cheery. The working people—you meet them on every hand—appear to have “something on their minds,” so to speak; their movements heavy, slouching; garments mean, sordid. Although steady rain was falling none seemed to mind it and hardly any one carried an umbrella. Idlers stood in groups at the street crossings and in front of the numerous beer-shops with hands in trousers’ pockets. A more hopeless, cheerless aggregation of wage-workers I hope never to see—unclean-looking, as though they slept in their clothes; lacking in self-respect. And this holds good throughout the country wherever I went. Of course I am not speaking of skilled workmen—never came in contact with any workman wearing overalls—I refer to the “navvies,” the common laborers. In and about London they were everywhere in evidence. Their costumes bear evidence of being the cast-off garments of “all sorts and conditions of men,” and frequently include every variety of plug-hats and swallow-tail coats, all in the last stages of dilapidation, of course. Poor creatures. I observed among them men of advanced age, and some mere boys, working side by side with looks so woe-begone, hopeless, that they haunted me into the night. You can not get the average Englishman of well-to-do class to discuss the under-world where these poor battle for the crumbs from the rich man’s table. It resembles our grave problems as to the “negro.” They all dodge it, afraid to face it. They agree in claiming that the solution is “too big a thing” to tackle just now.

The most noted object of interest in Pontypool is the noble park of the Hanbury-Leigh family. It is of

vast extent and very beautiful; has been in possession of this family ever since the days of "Queen Bess." Indeed, the town owes its importance to the iron works established by said Hanbury family, originally from Worcestershire. Capel Hanbury settled at Pontypool about 1565 and founded the iron works. The greater impulse, however, came through Major John Hanbury, born in 1664. He invented the method of rolling iron plates by means of cylinders, and also the art of tinning in England, and successfully made imitation of so-called "Japan ware," which held its place for nearly one hundred years in Europe, and was known as "Pontypool ware." Major Hanbury had a liberal education: was bred to the law; his mind had great scope; did not follow his profession; was one of the executors of the great Duke of Marlborough; he died 1734. Capel Hanbury assumed the name of Leigh in consequence of the will of the late Lord Leigh, who devised him his property—a great estate. Suffice to add that I now settled upon Pontypool as a base for investigating the antiquities at Caerleon. This town was the site of Isca Silurum, the principal Roman fortress, and was long occupied by the second Augustian legion. * * * The relics comprise numerous sculptures, altars, pavements, coins and other antiquities, with immense quantities of Roman bricks with the inscription "L E G. II A.V.G." The shape of the Roman fortress is oblong, and the sides inclose a circumference of about 1800 yards. The amphitheater is close to the banks of the river Usk, and there was a celebrated castle, parts of which still exist, occupied the space between the south wall of the town and the Usk, and the mount on which stood the citadel is 300

yards in circumference at the base, and of considerable height.

From the top of the eminence the wild and beautiful environs of Caerleon appear to great advantage.
* * * * * Soon after the departure of the Romans Caerleon figures in the pages of romance as the metropolis of the British Empire and the residence of the renowned "Arthur" and his "Knights of the Round Table." "Arthur" is supposed to have flourished in the sixth century, but everything connected with his reign and achievements, birth, life, and death are uncertain—say, even incredible. The Roman amphitheater is still pointed out as "Arthur's Round Table." * * *

Caerleon is celebrated also as a noted seat of learning, and is pre-eminent in the annals of the Church.

And now, lest some zealous archaeologist stumble across this journal and, moved by the above graphic details, in behalf of science should be tempted to undertake an expensive journey across the sea to Caerleon to view the "old landmarks" and ancient relics for himself, I warn him now that he "may be disappointed," as I failed to discover them—mayhap on account of the rain, the roads and fields in that vicinity being under water at the time of my visits. The average annual rainfall thereabouts I learned was 26 inches. According to my judgment, gained by experience, my "guess" would be 26 feet, not inches. However, even should the weather favor your investigations, you would fail of your purpose without a guide; none to be found when I was there who claimed to know anything helpful to our quest. I was informed that the rector of the parish church was a "scholarly

man" and could put me in the way of satisfying my inquiries. To call upon him, however, under the circumstances, in such weather, would have been an outrage, and I refrained. As to the citizens whom I approached on the subject of the local history, the best information I was enabled to obtain I give below. It may appear presumptuous, but I came away with the conviction that I had acquired more knowledge of Caerleon and its antiquities in reading up for this trip than could be obtained from the average native. That it ever was the site of a Roman camp is not generally accepted I am impressed. One respectable tradesman of venerable aspect, whom I approached on the subject, answered: "Ah! Indeed! A Roman Camp? Very likely; very likely; but that was long ago. I have heard summat of the kind, and tells my people, always, that the Pope of Rome will rule over England yet if they don't look alive." As I did not know what else to reply, and be polite, I answered, "Very true," and let it go at that. To explain:

"And still the wonder grew—

How one poor head could carry all he knew."

The weather, as already stated, still unfavorable for sight-seeing. By unexpected good fortune I chanced upon a resident of the town at my hotel, friendly disposed. As a rule, the English suspect that you have "something up your sleeve" if approached without a voucher as to your standing, respectability, etc. In the course of our conversation, the gentleman discovering my purpose in the premises, he deplored the fact that no local history of late date was available. He kindly volunteered, however, to place his library—con-

nected with his law office—at my disposal during the rest of my sojourn in the place. Of course I gladly availed myself of the generous offer. It proved to be a fine collection—choice, not large—many quaint volumes. I need hardly say that I spent a very agreeable afternoon amidst these “silent friends” with none to disturb or “make us afraid,” with the result that what I have here dished up and incorporated in my journal already given, I gathered in from my researches of that one afternoon. Everthing pertaining to Caerleon and to the Hanbury-Leigh family are transcripts from old volumes, none less than one hundred years old. It is my sole departure from a resolve made at the outset not to pad my journal with extracts from guide books. However, I got so interested in my researches in regard to the Hanbury-Leigh family, that I would gladly have returned to the quest, only that my time was too limited. There was, according to the volumes I consulted, a certain “Hanbury Williams,” head of one branch of this family, more noted than any I have mentioned. And another interesting disclosure: a claim that Oliver Cromwell was of this family. In other words, that Cromwell’s family name was Williams; that Cromwell was the name of a valuable estate which this branch of the family inherited, when they dropped the family name and took the name of the estate—not uncommon in England. *Moncy talks* everywhere.

Newport, only four or five miles from Caerleon, is a seaport of considerable importance, with a population rising one hundred thousand. I passed through it in the rain. Rain, rain, rain, always rain. We drove through the principal thoroughfares. When I say “we” I refer to “Tom,” of the Crown Hotel, Ponty-

pool, coachman, as "second party." We put up our team at one of the principal hotels and took luncheon and fed the horses, hoping for an abatement of the storm; failing in this, took a drive on the water front, docks, etc., and then returned to Pontypool, ten miles, said to be a pleasant drive in fine weather. The rain remained with us all the way, and I resolved to take the train for London tomorrow morning.

LONDON, Thursday, 22nd.

From Pontypool took train for London about 7 A. M. A dismal day; country generally under water. Did not note any town of importance *en route*. Arrived at Paddington station at 6:30 P. M. Took quarters at Andrews' Hotel, Guilford, *i. e.*, Russell Square. Shades of "Vanity Fair": Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedley, dear old Dobbins and others attracted me thither. May their shadows never grow less. What horrid weather—rains all the time. This family hotel has an agreeable, home-like appearance. Too gloomy for prospecting. After a cup of tea and light repast went to bed. Good night.

Friday, 23rd.

I must forego details, have been too diffusive I discover. I can not do much more than to give list of places visited.

Fog and rain. To British Museum and Madam Tussands. It was too dark to see anything with satisfaction in the museum.

Saturday, 24th.

Horrid weather; worse than yesterday. To St. Paul's Cathedral in the morning in time to participate in divine service, which I sincerely enjoyed, grateful for the privilege.

To the Tower of London in the afternoon—climbing the stairs almost too much for me. However, saw the regalias, draperies, crown jewels and other things of beauty. Notwithstanding the rain, the fog, and the gloom, I found that I had to elbow my way through a dense throng—in the jewel room very especially—not much courtesy either. I was rudely thrust aside by well dressed persons of both sexes on several occasions. Visited also the rooms containing the rare collections of armor and other relics of battles, war and strife—armor worn by many noted historic personages, whose names have been familiar to you ever since your school days. And it is curious the interest this evokes. Again, the armor, shields, battle-axes and other accessories are fresh and bright—some polished so that you might see your face reflected therein. But all sorts of fire-arms have an ancient aspect, corresponding with their age. On the whole the Tower interested me, despite the gloom and a sense that you are in a cavern most of the time.

Sunday, 25th.

Had intended to attend divine service at Old Temple Church, but the services were about closing when I arrived so did not go in, but went by underground railway to Hammersmith and thence to New Richmond, but the rain made it impracticable to move about on foot at either place so returned to London and strolled along the Strand. "Looked up" Arundel street, where very dear friends had at one time stopped over at a pleasant family hotel. Thought I might recognize it, had heard so much about it, but failed. 'Tis but a short street, running from the Strand to the Thames embankment, but it is given up to small, neat

hotels and all looked alike to me; had to give it up. It was some satisfaction to have found the street—to know that you had followed in their footsteps. Say!

Monday, 26th.

Grand and noble Westminster Abbey. Attended morning services and rejoiced; never more deeply impressed; was quite elated. Despite the gloom without, there was sunshine within. You felt. And the music was grand—in harmony with the noble surroundings. Subsequently to the Parliament Building and Westminster Palace, both in the immediate vicinity, where fine bronze statue of Oliver Cromwell graces that grand, historic spot. Yes, Parson Jasper. "The world *do* move," only bide your time. To Nelson Square, only a short distance, with noble monument, etc., all worth seeing, but the down-pouring rain compelled me to seek shelter. In self-defence took refuge in the Hypodrome, where a matinee performance was just on. Fine entertainment; noble building; house packed like sardine-box—and they say 'tis so at every performance, all the year 'round.

The performance was a curious *melange*, comprising a Country Circus, Tony Pastor's Variety and Music Hall, all rolled into one. I paid two shillings for a seat up near the roof, in the gallery. It was "Hobson's choice" when I got there. The prices for lower part of house compare with our Grand Opera rates. No wonder that 'tis claimed to be the best paying place of public amusement in all London, and has been so for a period of about twenty years.

Tuesday, 27th.

By underground railway to Sheppards-Bush; thence by electric road (trolley) to Hampton Court. This is

one of the most interesting and attractive places in all England: the grounds, the buildings and furniture, to say nothing of the noble works of art—paintings, statuary, tapestries, etc.—have exceptional interest from their historic associations. Cardinal Woolsey, Henry VIII and William and Mary, (William of Orange), were severally identified with Hampton Court as a royal residence. A rainy day.

Wednesday, 28th.

This constant gloomy weather is very discouraging; depressing.

Did not attempt any notable sight-seeing today; too dismal for anything. Devoted it to a stroll on the Strand, Fleet street, and other principal thoroughfares, despite the rain—getting used to it. Expect to “cry for it” when I get back home. * * * * *
Attended Ballad Concert at 8:00 P. M. at St. James’ Hall, “Thirty-Eighth Anniversary” (so advertised). And its popularity was assured. “Standing Room Only” greeted me, although I was there in advance of “schedule time.” However, I “stood it” for one half hour, when my old legs gave out. St. James’ Hall is one of the largest of the kind in London, yet it was “packed to the ceiling.” Places of amusement of high grade all well patronized over there, I am impressed. And the prices for choice seats, I think, rule higher than with us. Richard II—of Shakespere—very elaborately mounted, with noted company of performers, had been running at one of the best theaters (Manager Tree) for some months when I was there, and it was “Standing Room Only” when I sought admission. I did not care to repeat my experience of a “seat in the gallery,” as at Hypodrome.

Thursday, 29th.

A not very well defined ray of sunshine tempted me, and I took in Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace, and St. James Park. All London seemed to be similarly inclined. They came from every quarter—on foot, in the saddle, with carriages galore. I wondered for a time if 'twas going to be "Standing Room Only" again. There were some fine turnouts; the people well dressed and cheery of aspect. I enjoyed the scene hugely. In the afternoon to Temple Church (Temple Court). Noticed the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. It is a very simple affair—modest as himself. What a charm there is in everything connected with Goldsmith's character and writings.

Friday, 30th.

To Regents Park and Zoological Gardens. The morning cold and damp.

The grounds, attractive. Was not much impressed by the exhibit. I think it much over-rated. When this thing was new, say one hundred years ago, and more, and a novelty, it was regarded as the "Eighth Wonder," etc., and the "old time" prestige still attaches to the place. You accept it in the same spirit as you do the "Thirty-Nine Articles." In other words, we are not to question it. The exhibits are spread over too much ground—too widely separated. I found it very wearisome. See catalogue of the exhibits.

Saturday, 31st.

Made early start, with the sun feebly struggling to keep back the fog and rain. My destination, the Crystal Palace; the distance, probably thirty miles, by steam railway; fare, 1 and 8; admission and program, 1 and

4 (meaning shillings and pence). The place has some attractive features, of course, with a good deal of tawdry country circus, including the side-shows and slot machines galore; and you have the drama melodrama *a la* Bowery, also the legitimate, duly labeled and served up on the installment plan at stated intervals afternoon and night. As the sun gave up the battle and the rain came down in torrents, after a light lunch returned to Russell Square with a sense that one cannot long retain their self-respect under conditions imposed by this wretched climate, so went to bed. This winds up October, so dismal hereabouts, the ideal month at home.

Sunday, Nov. 1st.

Took cars for South Kensington at 9:00 A. M. to find that the Museum does not open on Sundays until 2:00 P. M., so gave it up. Took a return 'bus to Bank of England and vicinity, which includes the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House—residence of "Ye Lord Mayor of 'London-town.'" Despite the gloom, etc., took in the principal objects of interest, and got in another "full day" after a fashion. I omitted to speak of the Thames Embankment. I followed it for two or three miles today. It is grand—so many noble buildings front upon it; some of the most imposing monuments, also. But it is something of a task to take in all these sights on foot, and to jot them all down in my journal when my task is done, I confess is almost too much for my endurance at times.

Monday, 2nd.

Devoted this day to business, having concluded to go over to Paris for a few days. To this end went to

office of "Thos. Cook & Son," Cheapside, where I made satisfactory arrangements and, to use the customary phrase here, was "booked" for the trip for tomorrow morning *via* Calais and Dover, and exchanged £5 English for French money.

OFF TO PARIS.

Tuesday, 3rd.

Left London for Dover from Holborn Viaduct 11:00 A. M., with promise of fair weather. But all signs fail over here: the rain and fog are always "on tap,"—never fail. The fog was so dense at Dover that the celebrated Dover Cliffs were not visible. Had pleasant trip across the Channel, save the rain. The fog again descended as we approached Calais, and we had to sound our fog-whistle every few minutes and were delayed considerably thereby. Calais, like Dover, I failed to see, to recognize again. Time from Dover to Calais, a little rising one hour. Here passed customs examinations in the rain, but I was not required to open my baggage. We must have been over an hour behind time in getting to Paris at about 8:00 P. M. Had a "hot-box" between London and Dover, which caused a delay of some 40 minutes at Folkstone. It was such a dark, stormy night, with heavy rain, that I, in common with scores of others, took quarters at Hotel Buffet, Gare du Nord. My apartment was so gorgeous, superbly elegant, with canopy and curtains of silks and velvets, with alcove—all of such liberal proportions, too. Add to this a bright wood fire, unlimited fuel, and, as I mentally footed up these luxuries, after partaking of an excellent dinner, I sort of dreaded the "little bill" which I would have to face next morning. "Grand Hotels" did not enter into my calculations when I planned my outing. However, I resolved to face the music when the morning came. President Lincoln's advice, "not to cross the bridge until you come to it," I acted upon. Went to bed under that gorgeous canopy

of silk, lace and velvet, amidst splendors fitted for a king—enjoyed it too. You see there was a spice of humor in the situation: only an ordinary “Florida Cracker” occupying that royal apartment. And he slept right royally until 8:00 A. M. The “little bill,” with tips to servants, with morning coffee—no early breakfast in Paris—did not overtax my resources after all, and I look back with pleasure to my one night’s sojourn amidst royal surroundings at Hotel Buffet, Gare du Nord, etc.

PARIS.

HOTEL DE LOUDRES ÉT MILAN,

Wednesday, 4th.

Took up my quarters as above. It is centrally located, within a few minutes' walk of Place Vendome, Church of the Madeleine, and one of the best markets. Family hotel; everything clean, bright and attractive. Mine-host "Kohlman" speaks "good English" and is, I think, an "Alsatian." Had looked for sunshine over here, yet the sky was overcast—another gloomy day. However, I engaged a guide, a bright young chap, who had once lived in New Orleans, also in Philadelphia; rather under size, but neat in appearance; name, D. Diassou. I am to pay him 7 francs a day and expenses, of course. Mr. Kohlman vouched for him. Although his services were to begin tomorrow, he invited me to take a stroll in the immediate neighborhood, which included Place Vendome, the Church of the Madeleine, also the Grand Opera House, with other objects of interest. I was so gratified by my walk that we were absent about three hours, and, although my guide at first declined any compensation, I would not have it that way—so soon after leaving my regal apartments at Hotel Buffet; I felt that I must come down gradually, on the installment plan as it were. It was a happy resolution; I won the heart of my guide completely I at once recognized, and Mr. Kohlman confirmed it that night in our conversation. At 7:00 o'clock dinner found pleasant company. Table d'hote service I am not partial to, yet everything goes with me. I did not come over to Europe to find fault, complain because things are different from our own

country. Even the weather, bad as it has been, I growl over inwardly, as a rule. When I have occasionally "spoken out in meeting" in England, I have been told, and properly, that I was at fault in coming over at this season, when fog, rain and gloom are in order, in a word, are to be expected. 'Tis seasonable weather, and the people, seemingly enjoy it. I wanted to be polite, but I could not go as far as that; I just held in and took it out in "thinking."

Thursday, 5th.

Bright sunshine at last; a lovely morning; suggests Florida in winter; so glorious for an outing. At 8:00 A. M. to Versailles by electric railway, sixteen miles; a delightful ride. The people of the wage-class impress me more favorably than the English of same class; exhibit more self-respect; are more cleanly, better clad, more cheery of aspect. Am not going to attempt a description of Versailles or its surroundings, where I spent about five hours, devoted mainly to the noble galleries or paintings, statuary and tapestries, where one could spend weeks profitably, with leisure. I am doing this thing on the quick-lunch plan: I simply grab the most tempting thing I see and rush for my train, and I find that I have to be spry about it, or get left; my train as limited, and it tests my endurance, and here suggest that a day of "sight-seeing" is hard work to many in active life, with years unimpaired before them, while I am taking up the burdens daily near the close of my pilgrimage. That my feet occasionally grow weary, goes without saying, yet I am never discouraged. The keeping up of this journal I find the most trying. Only that I resolved at the outset to keep it in the form of a diary, requiring daily entry, I know

now that I never would have kept it up. Returned from Versailles *via* the Boulevards. We profit greatly by varying our routes in this manner. I adopted it when in England. Had a pleasant day and enjoyed it despite the fatigue. We put in a full day and must have walked many miles. Versailles is vast in its proportions and the temptation to over-do is great—always something more worth seeing just ahead. And then, the all-day sunshine, who could resist it?

Friday, 6th.

Another bright day. Colder than yesterday. My guide reports frost this morning. Went to Notre Dame Cathedral, and I was glad that I was familiar with Victor Hugo's novel of this name—good as a guide-book. I had read it when a boy, and re-read it only a few years since, hence the Cathedral was of great interest to me apart from its grandeur and beauty. The spirit of sweet Esmeralda seemed to pervade the place, adding to its other charms. * * To the Morgue, where five corpses were exposed—three males and two females. One of each sex had committed suicide. It was a dismal sight. No details as to the others. Thence to the Tomb of Napoleon. Grand beyond my power to describe. It is not simply a tomb, however, it is a grand temple. The enclosed tomb is of secondary importance in comprehending this lovely work of art. Thence took in the High Tower at the last Exposition grounds; also to view the Washington and Lafayette monuments—Place de États Unis, and to the Arc de Triomphe, the Grand Boulevards, and Champs Elysees. Wound up this busy day on Boulevard Hausman Electric railway for return. Had started out by tube railway and omnibus.

Saturday, 7th.

To Hotel de Ville, the Bank of France, the Bourse, and the great Market of Paris, which pervades French literature—Zola made it the theme of one of his latest novels. It is surprising what an interest is added by visiting the localities made familiar to you by reading, even though it may have been fiction, romances and dime novels. This glorious weather I find has stimulated my movements too much—cannot keep up the pace of last two days. “Make haste slowly” is a good maxim. This thought came to me on returning from the Church of Montmartre, said to occupy the highest grounds in all Paris—commands the whole city and environs in fine weather. We must take this on hearsay. The fog descended just as we got there and obscured everything within a few hundred yards. You ascend to the church by inclined plane. The church is not old. It is very beautiful—is probably noted in some way, of which I was ignorant, as was my guide. From church descended to the common level, and within a short distance visited the grandest department store in the world, in other words, “Magasins Dufayal.” It is of vast proportions—a veritable palace, lovely as a dream. The interior display comprises all that we are familiar with in connection with department stores, with more: is finer; more imposing; more art; with evidences of a lavishness of expenditure of which we have hardly a conception, and includes a charming theater with a seating capacity of from 200 to 300, where daily performances, I was informed, are given every afternoon at certain seasons of the year.

In afternoon to the Louvre, and to the Tuileries Art Galleries: grand collection of the works of Rubens

and of Van Dyck, only recently opened to the public. Noble display, if one only had time. However, I enjoyed what I was able to take in.

Sunday, 8th.

A lovely morning. Went to the Church of the Madeleine. Special services. All Paris seemed to turn out for the occasion. It was "standing room only" again, with a multitude outside. I managed to get in the church, which was gorgeous in decorations, and it is a grandly beautiful edifice. It is one of the noted churches of Paris. Being in close proximity to the Grand Opera House, one of the noblest buildings in the world, and the Statue Vendome—all fronting on the Grand Boulevards—the aggregation constitutes the immediate vicinity as one of the most attractive to the tourist of all Paris. I desired to hear the music, which was one of the main attractions of the church, but finding it impossible to obtain a seat, gave it up and, with my guide, by electric cars to Pere la Chaise Cemetery, recalling the dear friends whose footsteps I had followed when practicable since leaving home, who had so often described this place to me, hence parts of it seemed familiar. We only spent a couple of hours within the grounds. Here engaged an open cab—as attractive a vehicle as my guide could find—as I had resolved that this afternoon was to round up my trip to Paris. My purpose was to see the gay Parisians in their best bib and tucker taking their regular Sunday afternoon outing on the Boulevards, Champs Elysee and Bois de Boulogne. The weather was charming, was fortunate in our rig, and the driver was as stylish as were the horses. The hotel Buffet need not be ashamed of it's one-night guest should they chance to

meet this lovely afternoon. * * I shall not attempt a description of that afternoon's outing: the multitudes of well-dressed people a-foot, in the saddle, and all sorts and variety of vehicles of better class, the gorgeous liveries, etc. Of course the great majority—all the pedestrians—were wage-earners, working people of all grades. The French are certainly a self-respecting people—I never was more favorably impressed by any people—in dress and manner giving evidence of good taste and refinement. Taking it as a whole, it was something to remember: brilliant, inspiring, not a single drawback, everything in harmony with the perfect day—all sunshine. Yet I was informed that it was only the ordinary Sunday afternoon turn-out in pleasant weather. In returning to our hotel the guide pointed out some "notable objects" as he supposed, *viz.*: The residences of J. Pierpont Morgan, the Vanderbilts, and other American magnates. They failed to interest me, however, but was impressed by the Parliament Houses, and very especially by the Place de Concord—nothing I had yet seen more attractive. And there were still remaining some interesting buildings, relics, etc., of the late great Exposition. But the noble bridge across the Seine—erected in honor of and in commemoration of the visit of the Czar of Russia, the grandest of all the bridges in Paris—is a permanent structure. Save the Tomb of Napoleon this impressed me the most. The noble bronze statue of Joan of Arc is quite near. Like Cromwell, she was late in getting recognition.

Monday, 9th.

Cold, gloomy morning; dense fog. Left Paris *via* Gare du Nord for London 9:45 A. M. *via* Calais and

Dover. Had about the same weather throughout as we had in going to Paris. Arrived at Victoria Station 5:30 P. M. Took up my former quarters—Russell Square.

*"No sun—no moon—
No sunny afternoon;
No-ember."*

(With apology to the shade of Tom Hood.)

Tuesday, 10th.

As this is another dismal day of fog and drizzle, I took advantage of it to recuperate. Had a long day yesterday. Was weary.

Wednesday, 11th.

Of course it rained. Made another trip to British Museum with same results, *i. e.*, too dark to see with satisfaction. Thence to Mudie's Library. Bought a map of London and some guide books. Mudie's is great book mart, not a mere library, only a short distance from British Museum. It must do a vast business, yet the attendants did not impress me as being familiar with books. Two books I asked for, *viz.*: "The Howell Letters" and "Life of Tate Wilkinson, Actor and Manager," yet the young man who waited on me had no knowledge of the books or their authors; was disposed to put me off with scant politeness—sort of "know it all," "*something-just-as-good*" air. As this did not seem to work when I answered, "If you do not know, suppose you try to find out." How many other clerks were consulted, I have no idea, but it turned out finally to be a sort of "fifteen puzzle" until a venerable appearing personage came forward and

told me that "Howell Letters" would soon appear in a new edition and "The Life of Tate Wilkinson" was too rare a book to find in the stock of any book dealer; if found the price would be high, etc., which was all satisfactory, of course.

Thursday, 12th.

This weather being a chronic complaint, I suppose I should not always be growling over it. Did some shopping, despite the down-pour. Bought several dozen cheap photo mailing cards and mailed some, then booked passage for New York at the office of Thos. Cook & Son, 81 Cheapside E. C., by steamer "Mesaba," Atlantic Transportation Line, to sail Thursday, Nov. 19, '03, from Tillbury Docks *via* St. Pancras Station: my stateroom No. 37, berth No. 2.

Friday, 13th.

Did not venture out, save to local postoffice; was going to say on account of the rain—change to "weather" for "goodness' sake!" a common expression I find over here, and I rather like it.

Saturday, 14th.

Rained all day, yet I went to National Portrait Gallery, St. Martins Place. Gloomy as the place was, I was delighted with what I did see, and I shall value my catalogue. What a satisfaction it is to be brought face to face with these great historic personages. Regretted to find so much space devoted to the kings' mistresses, yet they were certainly very attractive.

Sunday, 15th.

To Paddington Station, aiming to go to Windsor—"Windsor Castle" I must see, if I have to walk there.

Found that I was too late for train, 10:00 A. M., and no other train until 2:00 P. M.—too late for these short days. I begin to realize how short the days are over here. This, with the fogs, enables these people lots of time to “snooze” the idle hours away. As this was about the brightest day I had found in England, the sun actually in evidence—occasionally—I was disappointed, which was silly, as the fog and the rain put in an appearance about noon. However, I made the best of it on top of an omnibus. Made a business of it despite the drizzle. Took a seat alongside the driver—a sociable chap and interesting in a way: pointed out every object of interest to me, and finally, I fear, talked me out of a half-crown of lawful money on the plea of a sick wife and hungry children. As he was exceptionally well up in flesh, with a highly decorated nose that must have cost a good deal for coloring matter, and as he was so cheery and laughed so heartily, when not reciting his pitiful tale of woe, I ought to have suspected that I was being “worked.” But after all, say, there was nothing in his story. It was good acting, and worth the money. A guest at the hotel, a lawyer—barrister—that evening, whose attention I invited to the exceptional hard fate which seemed to threaten this unfortunate family, wife and children to go to the poorhouse, etc., made me quite happy when he suggested that it was probably all a fiction, made of whole cloth, and that my half-crown was, no doubt, converted into beer at the first tap-room, adding that “he recognized you were a foreigner—the story would not have gone down with an Englishman.” * * * Brought up at Islington, where I took electric-underground for London Bridge—now being widened by wing for foot-

passengers; thence by 'bus to Russell Square. * * Seeing London from top of 'bus is popular here—is "the thing." All sorts and conditions patronize the 'bus. Of course. There is no help for it. Hence 'tis just as well to make believe that it is agreeable—some claim delightful. Recalls the chestnut about "the crow the man ate, but did not hanker after." To me it was disgusting. You soil your clothes—you cannot touch anything without soiling your hands or gloves. When I cast my eye on that charming young damsel on the opposite seat with a streak of soft-coal smut across her fair brow; and there is her young man has a like smudge side of his nose, I therefore know just how I must look, and lose all my self-respect, and envy the lot of poor Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island where no one can see him. But London has no choice in the matter. No surface railways practicable in those congested streets. It is "Hobson's choice"—the omnibus—'tis popular and cheap. Again the wisdom of cheerfully accepting conditions impossible to amend is recognized. The English are nothing if not practical.

Monday, 16th.

With promise of a bright day, by Great Western Railway to Windsor; time, about one hour. A most timely visit: every visible object, adapted to the purpose, in gala attire or preparing for it; scores of decorators at work; tall masts of vermilion hue on every hand, from which soon gay flags and pennants will be floating in the breeze; and the tapestries, and the draperies, and other decorative features. What a grand sight it was that greeted our eyes as our train approached the ancient town, crowned by the grand and

noble castle, I shall forever remember. These preparations (I will add) were all in honor of the King and Queen of Italy, now *en route*, who will be right royally welcomed here, on the 19th inst., as the guests of their Majesties of England. I devoted the day to the town, the castle, and the grand park—one of the noblest in all England. And what was most inspiring, the weather, for once, kept it's promise. It was a delightful day, with occasional sunshine. This was the most charming day since I left home. From the base of Windsor Castle you command a view of wonderful scope and as beautiful as a dream. Made no attempt to visit the interior of the castle. Rather think 'twas in the hands of the decorators and not open to the public. But Windsor Castle and its surroundings captured me. It is the only place that I long to return to. I could not get "my fill of it," so to speak. Returned to London by Great Eastern Railway, Waterloo Bridge Station.

Tuesday, 17th.

My time is fast drawing to a close, and I have not as yet explored Cheyne Row, where the ghosts of the Carlyles are supposed to still linger. Took 'bus to Bank of England for Chelsea. A most unpromising day, too, but it is now or never, as I am to take steamer for home the day after tomorrow. Although the day was gloomy, all the great thoroughfares gay with bunting and other decorations, similar to what I had seen at Windsor, and in honor of the same coming event, *viz.* to welcome the King and Queen of Italy. It was too disgusting for anything when the rain came down in torrents before we reached Trafalgar Square, with the decorators still at work. I had not supposed that it

would be difficult to find the Carlyles' old quarter, where they had lived for upward of one generation. But I discovered the truth as to the status of a Prophet in his own country. The guard on the 'bus responded to my inquiry by repeating, "Thomas Carlyle? What did he do? What was his business?" Again, "How can I know, with so many people of that name. Born in Chelsea?" "Yes, always lived here." "Cheyne Row?" "Yes." "Why did you not say so at first? Everybody knows where Cheyne Row is." "Capt. Cuttle's" old friend, "Jack Bunsby," had, you see, suddenly turned up, and I could hardly refrain from answering with a note of admiration, a lá Cuttle, "*There's a mind!*" It turned out, to my confusion, that there were *two* "Cheyne Rows" and a "Cheyne Walk," which I stumbled upon, without finding the object of my search, when a post carrier set me right. "But," said he, "you go to '*Great* Cheyne Row,' and 'tis at No. 24, a white stone set in the front, over the parlor windows, with a 'himage,' " he called it, "of Mr. Carlyle carved on it, and some reading—something concerning the 'old man,' of course." "No, you can't 'elp finding it." "Yes, a nasty day sir"—the rain was getting in its "best licks" just then. I found the house all right. No doubt the wretched weather influenced, in a measure, the dismal impressions I carried away, and which will ever be associated with the place. But Great Cheyne Row was never a cheery place, to my mind. The houses on both sides of the street—a short, narrow thoroughfare—are of mean aspect, walls of coarse, unpainted brick, three-story and deep basement in height. The Carlyle house and next abutting have balconies, otherwise all

are alike, without a single attractive feature. A gentleman, passing, informed me that a lady was now in charge of the place "for some society." That the interior was practically unchanged—as the Carlyles left it; many interesting relics, etc., and the charge for admission one shilling, when three or four persons went together; did not know how it might be for only one person, especially on a day like this, etc. I assured him that I had no intention of making the test. "Himage"—bust—of Carlyle, is a cheap, high relief, so grimy and weather-stained that it and the reading matter mentioned by the mail carrier were hardly visible. The gentleman kindly directed me to foot of street where, near the embankment, I would find Carlyle Park, a diminutive enclosure, within which a statue of Thomas Carlyle stands. It is of bronze, of life-size. Carlyle is seated in an arm-chair—the "grim old cynic"—and must say looks very unhappy and, as the rain streamed down his hard-featured countenance, I was impressed that it really faithfully depicted his own unhappy career, the victim of a life-long disease—chronic dyspepsia—which not only clouded his life, but gave a morbid tone to his writings and blighted his home and antagonized his friendships. With his abnormal self-esteem and powerful will, he was enabled to constrain men superior to him in intellectual powers to *bow down* to him, yes, to actually debase themselves in his presence—our own Emerson for instance. In a word, he forced his contemporaries to accept him at his own valuation of himself. Those who refused, he belittled, crushed. The broad charity to "live and let live" he lacked—was narrow, selfish. The late Herbert Spencer, in his recently published autobiography, tells some unvarnished

truths in support of my estimate of his character which I might have quoted, but refrained. Poor old gentleman! My last sight of him alone on that pedestal, out in the rain, I never recall without a feeling that I ought to have left him my umbrella.

The above winds up my journal. At 9:00 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 19th, left St. Pancras Station, London, by railway for Tillbury Docks, 18 miles from mouth of the Thames—a two hours' ride (as I recall.) About noon into the Thames and away for the broad Atlantic.

Had a pleasant, uneventful passage over. Reached our dock in New York about noon, Sunday, Nov. 19th 1903. Time, just ten days.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

HAVING stuck to my journal thus far, with no thought of publishing; avoiding guide books and padding—save that little episode at Caerleon—and now having resolved, in self-defence, to turn the whole matter over to the printer in order that I may answer, after a fashion, scores of inquiries as to: “Where did you go?” “What did you see?” Again, “How did you like London? How does it compare with Paris?” and so-forth and so-on. “Please answer,” and “*Write soon.*” Hence, it seems to be necessary to add this “tail-piece”—not entirely to satisfy my “anxious enquirers,” either: I desire to herein “*jut down*” some thoughts and reflections suggested by the trip, mainly about England. The English, for obvious reasons, seem nearer to us, have more in common with us, than the French, despite our obligations to the latter—simply to name Lafayette and George the Third explains “the ‘why’ of it.” And it was an American naval commander, on a certain occasion, some sixty years since, who, when he supposed that our “English cousins” were going to get the worst of it in a “scrap” with another power, unlimbered his guns, rolled up his sleeves and made ready for action, saying, “Blood is thicker than water.” Fortunately the other power weakened at the critical moment so the test was not made. I speak of it simply to illustrate our relations, feelings and sympathies toward the English people, and when you are over there you can not resist a sense of kinship—that there are ties of unity not to be discarded—very especially when you visit those famous

historic places, notably: the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Hampton Court, and others made familiar to you through your studies, and mayhap through old letters, relics of the times when we were one people—all a reminder that we have a common heritage; the conviction that our forefathers contributed their share of blood and treasures to enable England to win, own and maintain these grand possessions, relics of a noble past. Again, go to the National Portrait Gallery, London, and if it does not cause your heart to bound I am mistaken—when you gaze upon the counterfeit presentments there exhibited of the renowned men and women who have made England famous, and you become conscious that you are akin to them. However, the present condition of England impressed me sadly. In a business sense, “John Bull’s” affairs should be turned over to a receiver. But I must forego politics, but Jack London’s book, “The People of the Abyss,” came out while I was in London, and *The Standard*, one of the leading morning papers, very generously gave it a grand “send off,” confessed that the deplorable conditions therein described existed, and facts fairly stated by the author, all to be regretted, etc. But, after all, what are we to do about it? Mr. London presents no practical solution, adding, in conclusion, “*Truth is not always welcome. The book is very depressing reading,*” and so it is, yet I hope our friends will read it. It is now published in this country—is well worth reading, too.

Before “going abroad” had heard of the “mendacity” of a certain class of English servants, their greed for tips, etc. I regret to say that I can now confirm it, the result of my own experience. More, the

truth has not been half told. When it answers their purpose they (these servants) are bold and insolent. At other times cringing, sneaking, sort of please-dont-kick-me-very-hard-sir attitude. "Dishonest?" Yes, they have no moral sense whatever; are unworthy of even this too-flattering notice.

I was surprised that Jack London, in dealing with the evils he confronted in London life, overlooked the most to be deplored of all, *viz.*: the "Beautiful Barmaid." Nothing in all my experience over there had quite so depressing an effect as the hopeless condition of the class of which the "beautiful barmaid" is the exponent. And there are, it is said, upwards of one hundred thousand of "her" in the United Kingdom—voluntarily, cheerfully, from choice, form but a small percentage, I was informed, of the whole—hence they do not interest us. They are the "Becky Sharps" of the "profession" not "corruptible" because "never pure." From the outset these women have had evil designs upon the other sex; had but one purpose, *viz.*: to lure young men—of ample means, of course,—to their ruin under the guise of artless innocence. For a brief interval flourish, too, as their "mistresses," and not unfrequently end their awful career as "panderers" to the lusts of "lecherous old men" of evil passions—a trade of itself in our great cities. I was interested to find that our barmaid shined in certain cheap publications of the Laura Jean Libbey school. The books are on sale at the usual news stands, highly colored inside and out—that is, sensational—covers ornate, and stunning lithograph, in colors, of the heroine—in this instance: "Jane of the Red Lion, Her Struggles and Her Noble Vindication, by the author of 'The Mys-

teries of the Tower, or the Clergyman's Daughter.' "

There, I have transcribed the cover, directly shall quote a page for the benefit of the gentle reader. For the proper understanding of the story I will here briefly outline the plot. We begin with Sir Hubert Starling, with financial ruin staring him in the face, who marries the only child of Jabez Colderwood, a money lender and miser of shady reputation. The daughter, unsuspected by the father, has a lover who has a wife, also unsuspected by his charmer. Old Colderwood loves his daughter after a fashion and, although fully aware that Sir Hubert is at the end of his string financially, and wants his daughter solely for her money, gladly accepts Sir Hubert's offer. Grace, his daughter, rebels of course, and for *reasons*—only they do not come in at this stage (I am not going to "give the poor girl away"; it is still her secret). Grace Colderwood marries Sir Hubert Starling—loving another—and Sir Hubert has neither affection nor regard for the woman he marries. Here you have the "hot-stuff" for a "thriller," as it is called in England, and here it is: On a certain morning "Sir Hubert Starling awakes to the knowledge that he has fallen heir to the vast estates and title, and is now Marquis of Brightly." *

* * * * * We skip details. "The Marquis disappears for a few months, when a daughter is born to them. He returns; disowns the child. According to him, his 'Waterbury watch' and a faithful servant, the 'youngster' arrived ahead of schedule time—was a 'sooner' in fact—and he repudiated it, etc., etc. And now we'll skip again. * * * * *

The child—put out to nurse—is stolen by gipsies, at the instigation of the Marquis, of course. The mother pursued; the gip-

sies get alarmed; the child is abandoned by the roadside and ultimately lands in the work-house. But 'blue blood' will tell. (Don't we remember Marryat and Bulwer.) The work-house could not hold that child. But of course you already have guessed—the waif is our heroine, 'Jane of the Red Lion.' " And it is of her tribulations in the latter character, before she married the great banker's only son and heir, at page 85, that I begin to read what follows for your benefit. The time is after midnight; place, parlor of the Red Lion Inn; Jane in tears and Landlord Hoggett is in a bad temper and is pacing the floor. * * *

He—"So so, my girl. You think you have been insulted in my house, do you?"

She—"Surely. Did you not understand? Have I not told you already?"

He—"Told me? Fiddlesticks! You come here with a 'cock-and-bull' story!

She—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to use such language to me."

He—"Come, come, now! None of your impertinence! It won't go down with me—you will soon find—to your sorrow, too. Do you know what I think of it?"

She—"I am sorry to say, I do not sir."

He—"Well, well, now! Be a reasonable girl and listen to me, and don't go off 'half cocked' as you have done, and all will come out right. I know this gentleman well. Mr. Gaylark is a highly respectable man of a good family. He is one of my best customers, and I can't afford to lose him, and by God I won't! You know, as well as I, that when himself—there is no finer gentleman, or one more liberal with his money,

comes to this house. And now, simply because he chanced to take a drop too much, and for this—have only your word for it. Mind you, I don't say that he did. I must shut the door in his face, must I?"

She—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, after what I have told you. And look at my torn dress, where he tried to force his hand into my bosom. The villain!"

He—"Don't attempt any fine lady airs on me, or you will miss it. I won't stand it."

She—"I wish you would 'put on the airs' of a 'fine gentleman' with me."

He—"Blast your miserable soul, you 'work-house' brat! You dare to bandy words with me? So it has come to this, has it? And it ends it! Now trap! Out of my sight! Yes! this minute! before I kick you out." * * * * *

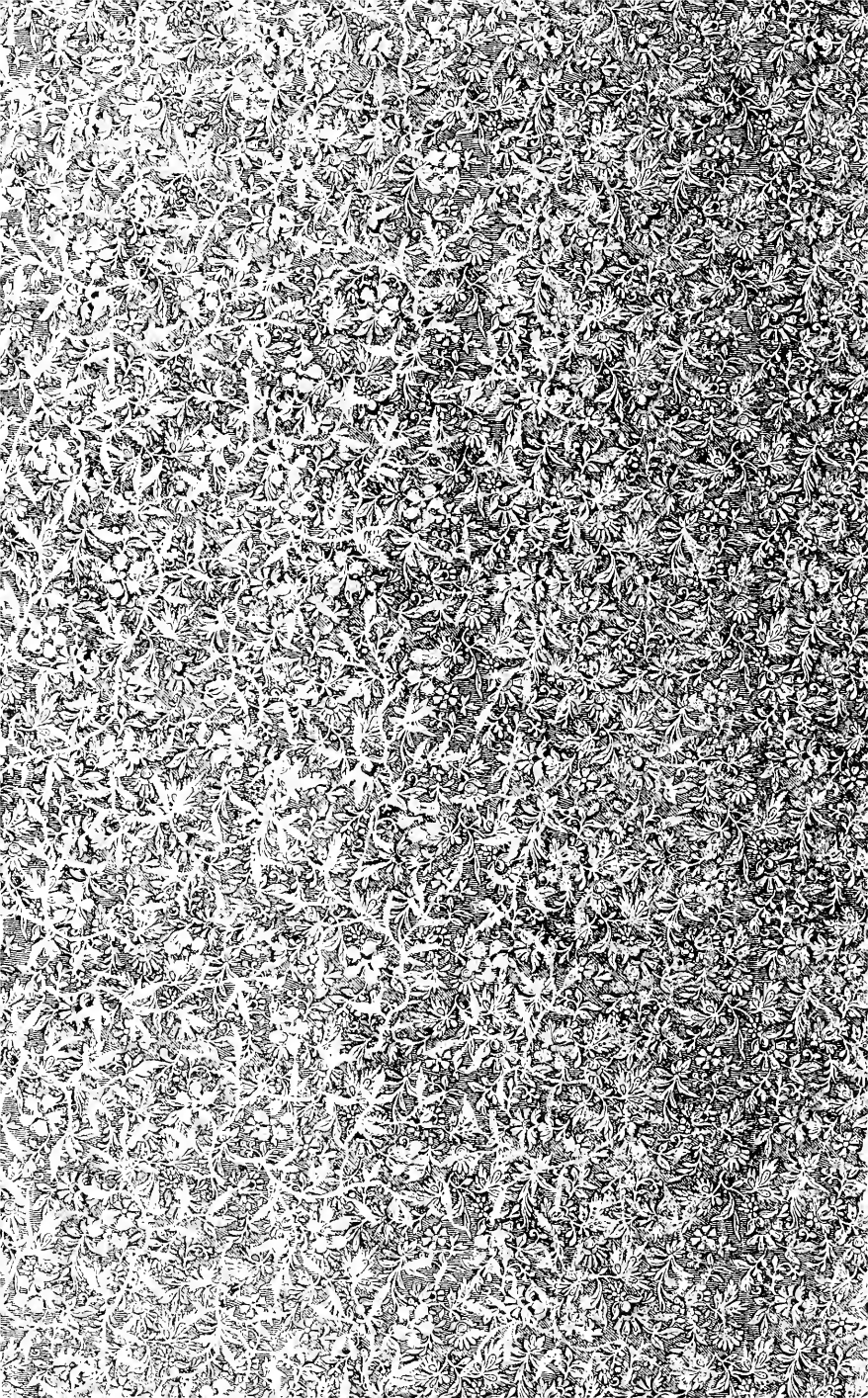
If any "kicking" occurred, there and then, it was not at the expense of our "Jane," you may depend upon it. For, at this stage of the "agony," Clarence Plantagenet Morgan, the banker's noble son, steps in. But why continue? We can all guess the sequel: The grand "send off" at the family mansion—May-Fair. The wedding tour, settling down to the regular thing—a villa on the Lake of Como, etc. And we suggest that our author get in some missionary work in the above scene between the landlord of the Red Lion and Jane, suggesting, as it does, the perils which every one of these unfortunate girls must face frequently in the course of her career, to resent which will cost her her place, such is the logic of the situation.

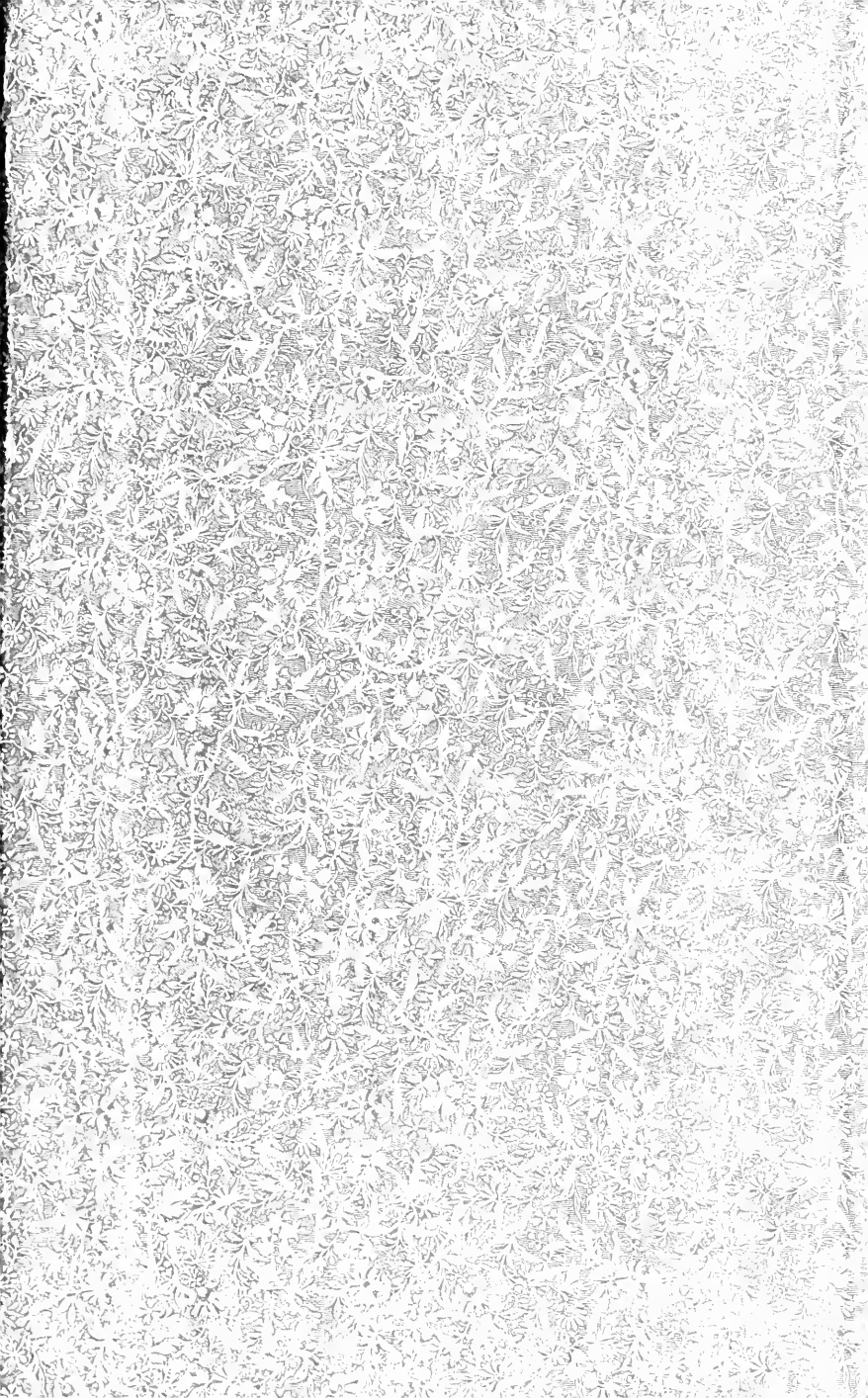
I was so outraged, as the full meaning of the system, wherein only young girls are employed to deal

out "Damnation," as John B. Goff was wont to denounce the miserable traffic, that I sometimes wondered what those persons who hail from the countries where England still maintains missions for the spread of the gospel, and other soul-saving contrivances—if I may be allowed the expression. As I was about to remark: thousands of such visit England—some have taken up their abode there, are in business—when they come face to face with the civilization, the outcome of a thousand years' teachings of Christianity, with our "beautiful British bar-maid," for an object lesson, what must they think of it? If any one can answer it, in the language of my correspondent referred, "please write soon."

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